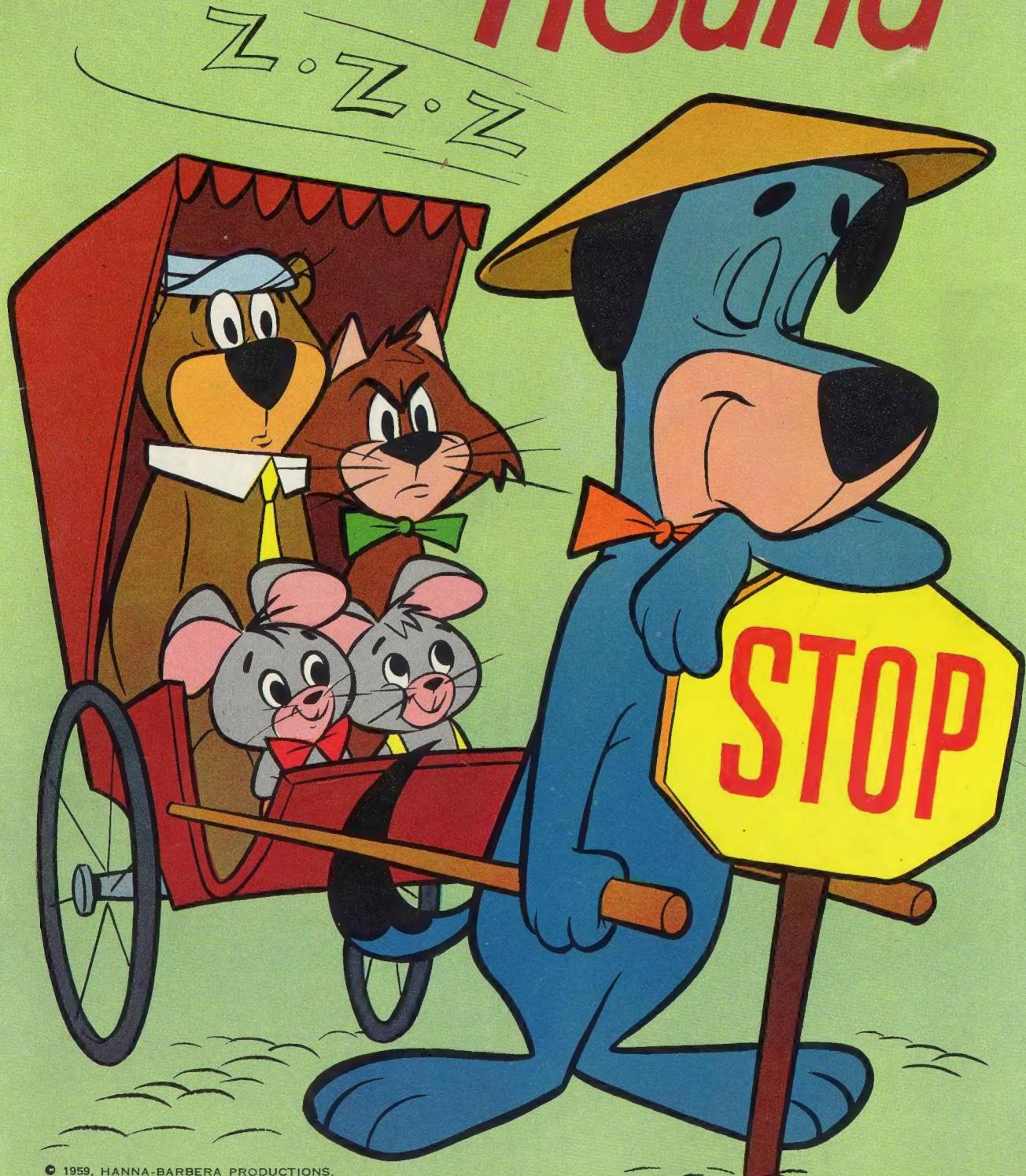


DELL

JAN.-FEB.

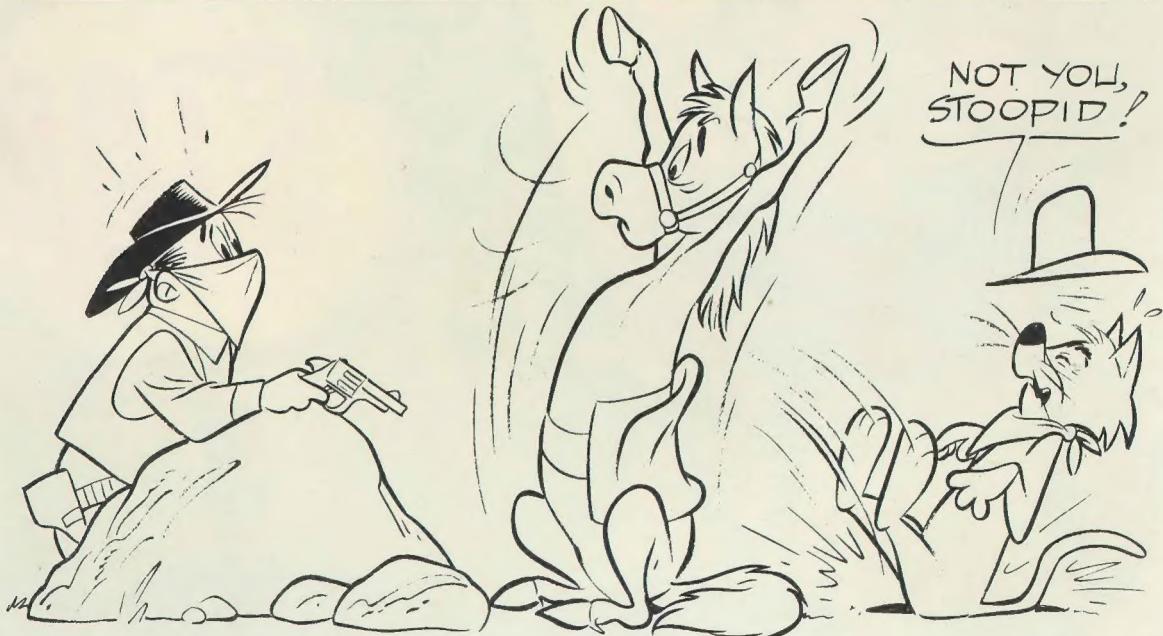
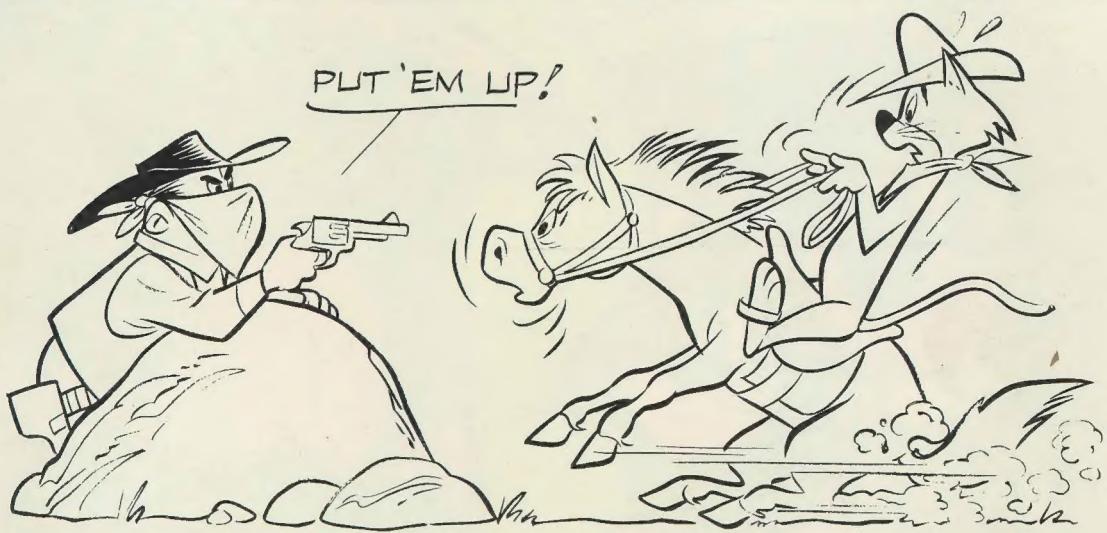
Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound



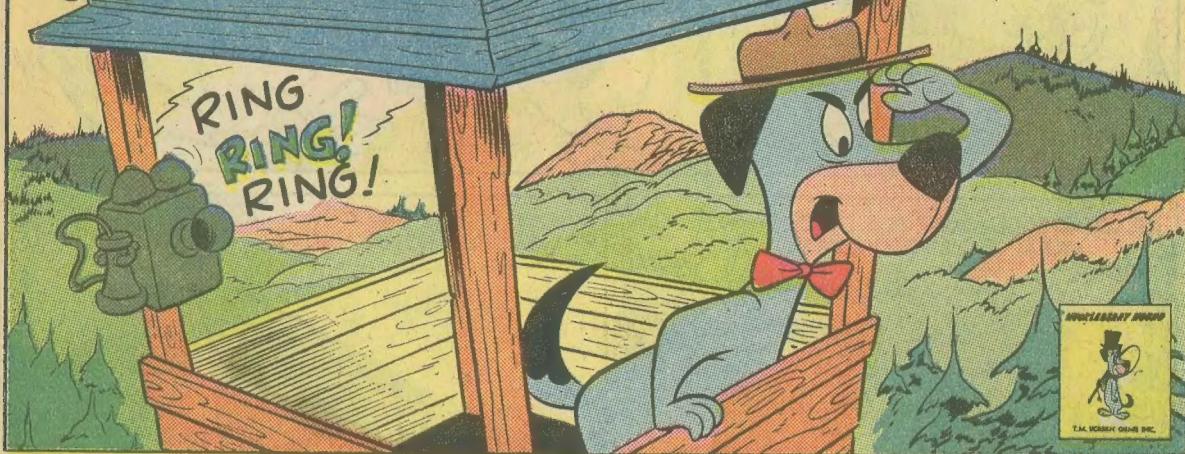
MR. JINKS

SUDDEN STOP



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND FOILING A FIREBUG

YESSIR, A FIREWATCHER'S GOT A MIGHTY IMPORTANT-
TYPE JOB, SEEING THAT
NOBODY BURNS UP THE
FORESTS!



YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP THE
OLD EYES AND EARS ALERT
ON A JOB LIKE THIS!



THERE SEEMS TO BE A
RINGIN' IN MY EARS...OH!
IT'S THE TELYPHONE!



FIREWATCHER HUCKLEBERRY
AT YOUR SERVICE!

THIS IS THE CHIEF!
BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR A FIREBUG
REPORTED TO BE
LOOSE IN YOUR
NECK OF THE
WOODS!



AYE, AYE, ROGER!...UH-OH! I SMELL SMOKE!
THAT OL' FIREBUG BELIEVES IN QUICK SERVICE!
(SNIFF! SNAFF! SNOFF!)



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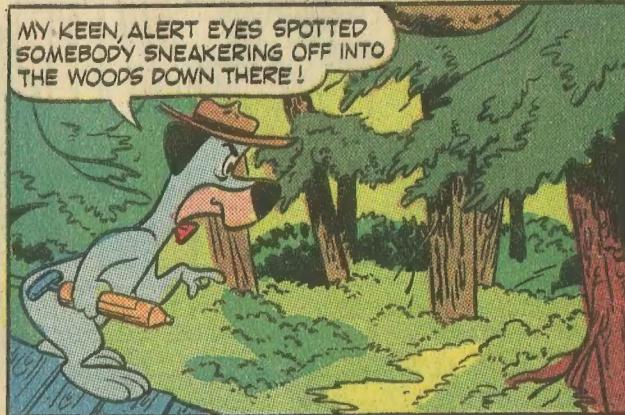
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

BUT WHAT GIVES? THERE'S NARY
A SIGN OF SMOKE ANYWHERE! IT
MUST BE SO FAR AWAY I CAN'T
SEE IT!

HOWSOMEVER, MY
NOSE KNOWS SMOKE
WHEN IT SEES IT!

CHIEF! I SMELL SMOKE, BUT CAN'T
SEE IT! MUST BE IN SOME OTHER
FELLER'S TERRITORY!

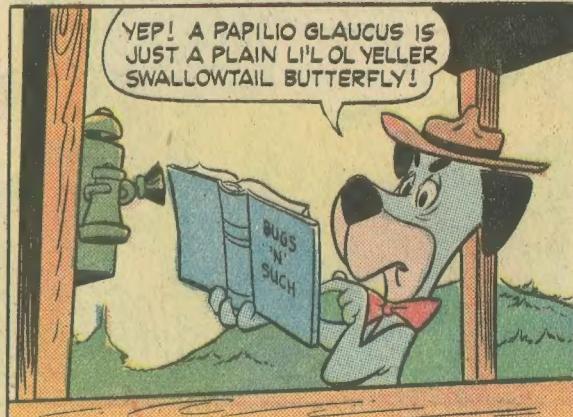
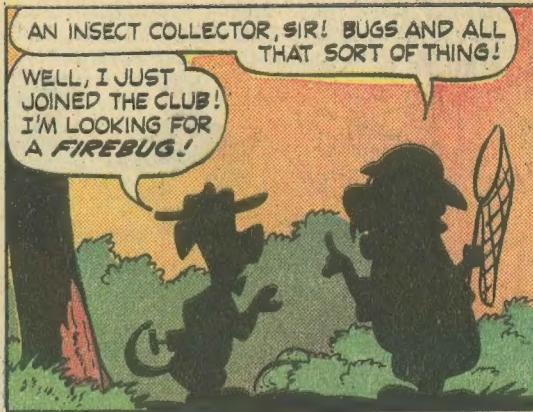


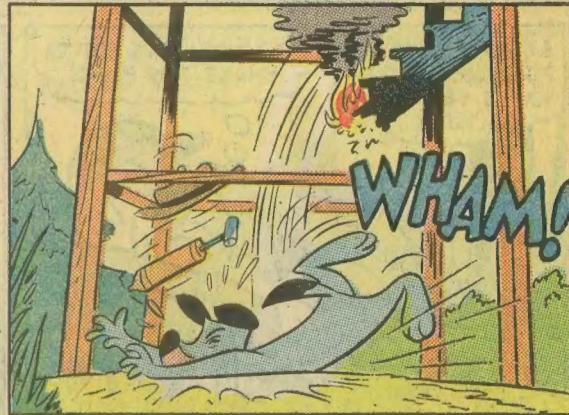
I'M A WORLD-FAMOUS ENTOMOLOGIST, SIR!

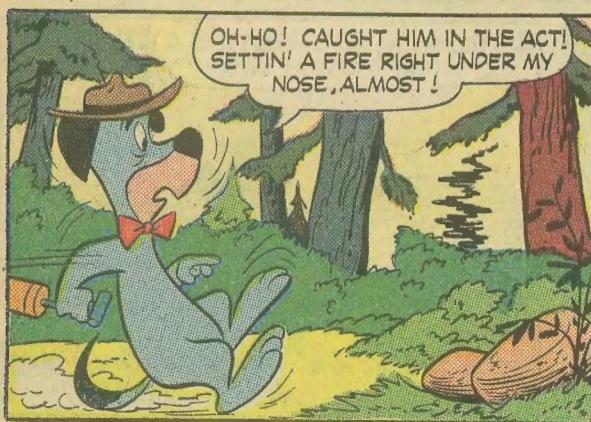
THEY'RE THE WORST KIND! UH, WHAT'S AN ENTYMOLLYGIZMO?

AN INSECT COLLECTOR, SIR! BUGS AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!

WELL, I JUST JOINED THE CLUB!
I'M LOOKING FOR A FIREBUG!







TAKE THAT THERE SMOKE
FOR EXAMPLE! SOMEBODY'S
COOKING THEIR LUNCH!
I CAN TELL BY THE
SMELL! (SNIFF!)

SMELLS LIKE HE'S HAVIN'
CHILI BEANS FOR LUNCH—
BURN'T CHILI BEANS AND
VERY WELL DONE STEAK!

SHUCKS, HE'S USIN' A POWERFUL LOT
TOO MUCH WOOD FOR A LI'L CAMPFIRE!
A REG'LAR FUEL FOOL, HE IS!

(COFF! HAK!) I'M GETTING A HUNCH
MAYBE THIS ISN'T LUNCH!

FACT IS, I'VE GOT AN AWFUL
POWERFUL FEELING THIS ISN'T
A CAMP-TYPE FIRE BUT A
FOREST-TYPE FIRE!

SHUCKS, I'LL HAVE THIS ONE
OUT IN NO TIME WITH MY TRUSTY
FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

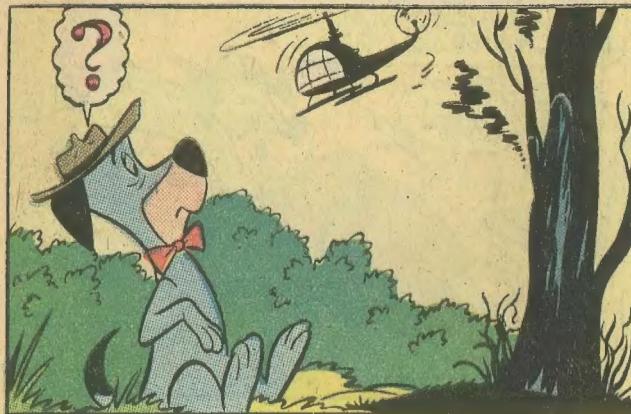
POOSH!
PLURP!

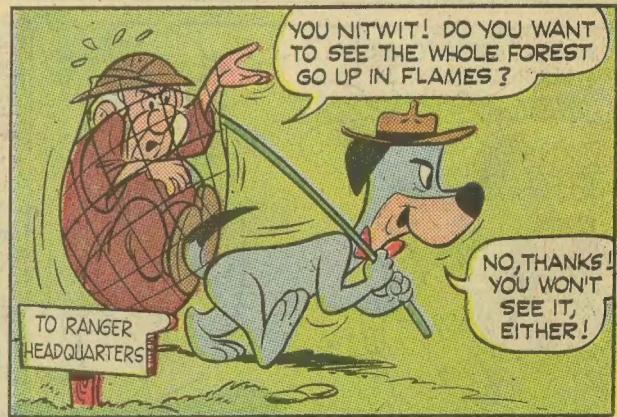
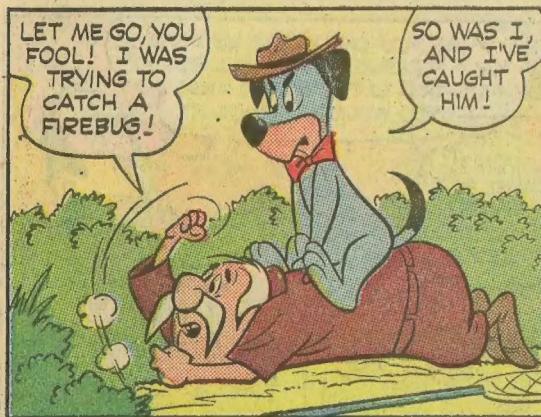
BLUP!

WELL, PAWGGONE!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
HAD IT IN YOU, LI'L
OL' EXTINGUISHER!

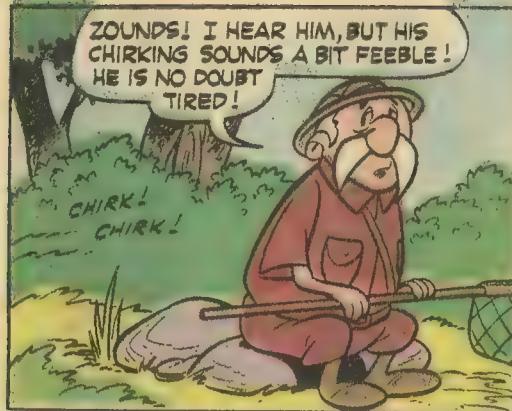
CALLING
WHIRLYBIRD!
COME IN,
WHIRLYBIRD!

PLOOSH!









LATER...

HUCKLEBERRY, YOU'RE HIRED AGAIN!
THE PROFESSOR HERE EXPLAINED
ALL!

NOW, THAT'S
MIGHTY NICE,
CHIEF!

I CAUGHT THIS EXTREMELY RARE SPECIMEN OF
PATAGONIAN FIREBUG AND WAS ON MY WAY TO
MY LABORATORY WHEN HE GOT AWAY!

PATAGONIAN FIREBUG?
I DO DECLARE!



HE CREATES SPARKS BY RUBBING
HIS HIND LEGS TOGETHER! THE
NATIVES USE THEM TO LIGHT
THEIR FIRES!

SHUCKS, WHY
DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME?



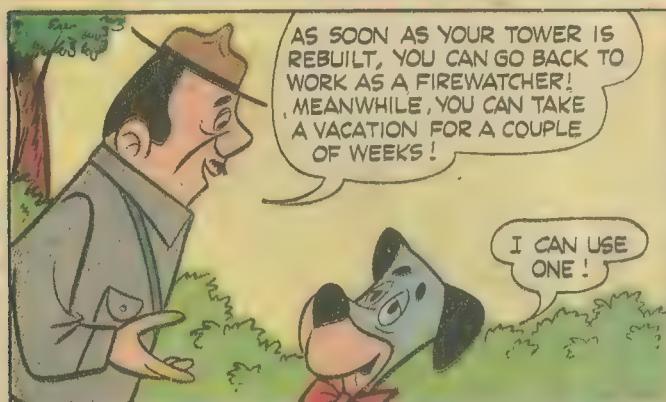
I WAS AFRAID SOME HARM MIGHT
COME TO HIM! HE'S REALLY QUITE
HARMLESS!

SURE HE IS!



AS SOON AS YOUR TOWER IS
REBUILT, YOU CAN GO BACK TO
WORK AS A FIREWATCHER!
MEANWHILE, YOU CAN TAKE
A VACATION FOR A COUPLE
OF WEEKS!

I CAN USE
ONE!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO? GO FISHING?

AW, NOTHIN' THAT
STRENDOUS-LIKE!
I'M JUST GONNA
DO A LI'L
FIREWATCHING!



NO USE GETTIN'
OUT OF PRACTICE!



YOGI BEAR

BUGABOO BEAR

HERE COMES ANOTHER BUNCH OF TOURISTS, BOO BOO!

I'LL GIVE 'EM THE "FRIGHT TREATMENT," SO WE WON'T BE BOthered WITH SIGHTSEERS!

AH, HOW PEACEFUL!



BOOOOOO!
GROWL! SNARL!
SNAP!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

I'M GOING HOME!

GANGWAY!

WELL, BOO BOO BOY...
ONCE MORE OLD YOGI,
THE BOGEY, GAVE THEM
THE OLD BEAR SCARE!

UH...NOT QUITE!

HELLO, FOREST FRIENDS!
I AM PROFESSOR COOL
Q. CUMBER! I HAVE
COME TO STUDY THE
WILD, WILD, WILD,
WILDLIFE!

HMM...
THIS
I DON'T
DIG!

A PROF SHOULD HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO BE
SCARED OF ME! I'M A BEAR, YOU KNOW!

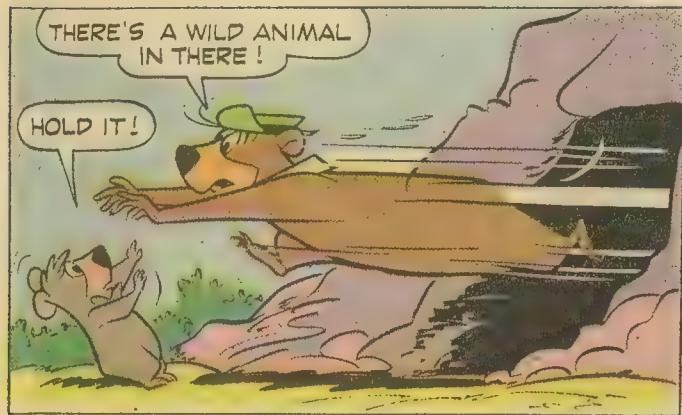
BUT BEARS ARE
MORE AFRAID OF
PEOPLE THAN
VICE VERSA!

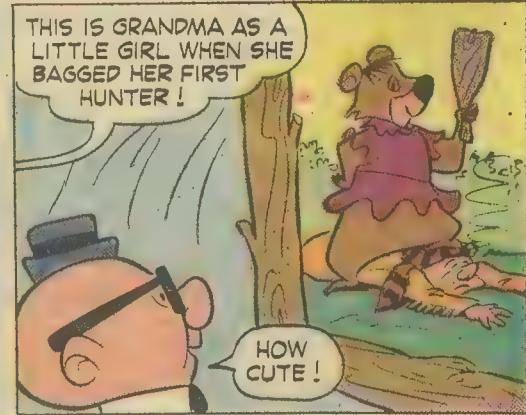


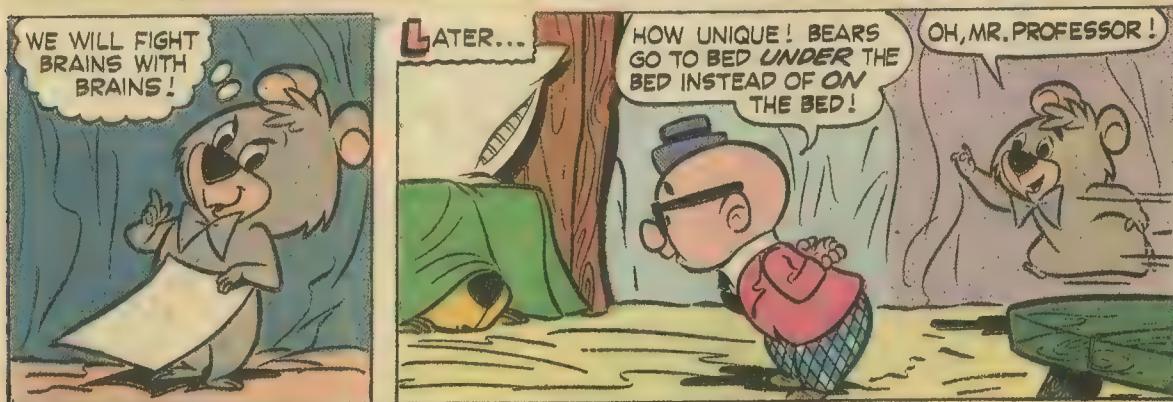












WE WON'T BE BOTHERED
BY THAT PEST AGAIN!

BUT WE WILL HAVE
THE REGULAR TIMID-TYPE
TOURISTS, OF COURSE!

I HEAR SOME
COMING NOW!

(CHUCKLE!)
WATCH ME
SCATTER 'EM!

AS I TOLD YOU, BOYS,
THESE BEARS PULLED
A VERY MEAN TRICK
ON ME!

IT WAS AWFUL THE WAY
THEY FRIGHTENED YOU,
SIR!

IT'S THE PROF!
AND HE BROUGHT
HIS STUDENTS
WITH HIM
THIS TIME!

WE WILL ALL LOOK THEM
IN THE EYE LIKE YOU
TAUGHT US!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING WE
CAN DO,
BOO BOO!

HMM...I WONDER
WHERE THEY
WENT!

I HAVE A FEELING
THEY ARE LURKING
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE!

IF YOU CAN'T LICK THEM,
JOIN THEM, I ALWAYS
SAY!

DOUBLE DECOY

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One day the sound of gunshots filled the air near the still blue pond in the wildwood where Biddy Buddy made his home.

"Wak!" Biddy Buddy squawked, ruffling his feathers nervously. "My mother told me there'd be days like this!"

The tiny, red-headed duckling skimmed back and forth over the water of his pond, wondering where he should go to hide from the approaching hunters.

Suddenly, out of the corner of one eye, he caught sight of a brightly colored mallard duck near the far end of the pond.

Biddy Buddy's feet churned under the water like paddles on a river boat, and, in a few moments, he drew abreast of the other duck, who had not moved since Biddy Buddy had first spotted him.

"Mr. Mallard, sir, please tell me where I should go and what I should do to hide from the mean old hunters!" Biddy Buddy pleaded.

But the big mallard just stared straight ahead and rocked dumbly from side to side in rhythm with the lapping waves.

Just then Biddy Buddy heard a loud flapping of wings overhead, and he was doused thoroughly as a flock of ducks came swooping out of the air to land on the water beside him. Before Biddy Buddy had a chance to complain about the ducking he had received, the sound of angry gunshots exploded from the banks of the pond.

"Erk!" one of the ducks cried. "This big mallard and the duckling are just decoys!"

With angry nips at Biddy Buddy, the ducks flapped off into the sky once again.

"Hey, I'm not a decoy!" Biddy Buddy cried in protest. "I'm just a defenseless little duckling who doesn't know what to do! On second thought, something tells me I do



know what to do!" he panted fearfully. "I'd better get out of here, too!"

As the guns roared again, scattering birdshot everywhere, Biddy Buddy took to the air. But wherever Biddy Buddy flew, the noise of blazing guns filled the sky.

"Woe is me!" he wailed mournfully as he landed and hid under a bush by another nearby pond. "I wish I could fly as fast and as far as the others. There must be something I can do to be safe from the hunters!"

As Biddy Buddy brooded under the bush he was surprised to see a hat floating by on the water close to shore.

"Say, one of the hunters lost his hat, and that gives me an idea!" he squawked in sudden inspiration.

Paddling out into the pond, he retrieved the hat by pushing it toward the shore. Tugging and straining, and panting and gasping, he pulled it up a slanted tree trunk and dropped it on top of the bush where he had previously been hiding.

A moment later he flew into the bush and found a perch right under the hat, where he sat as quietly as possible.

In a few minutes he heard some hunters approaching.

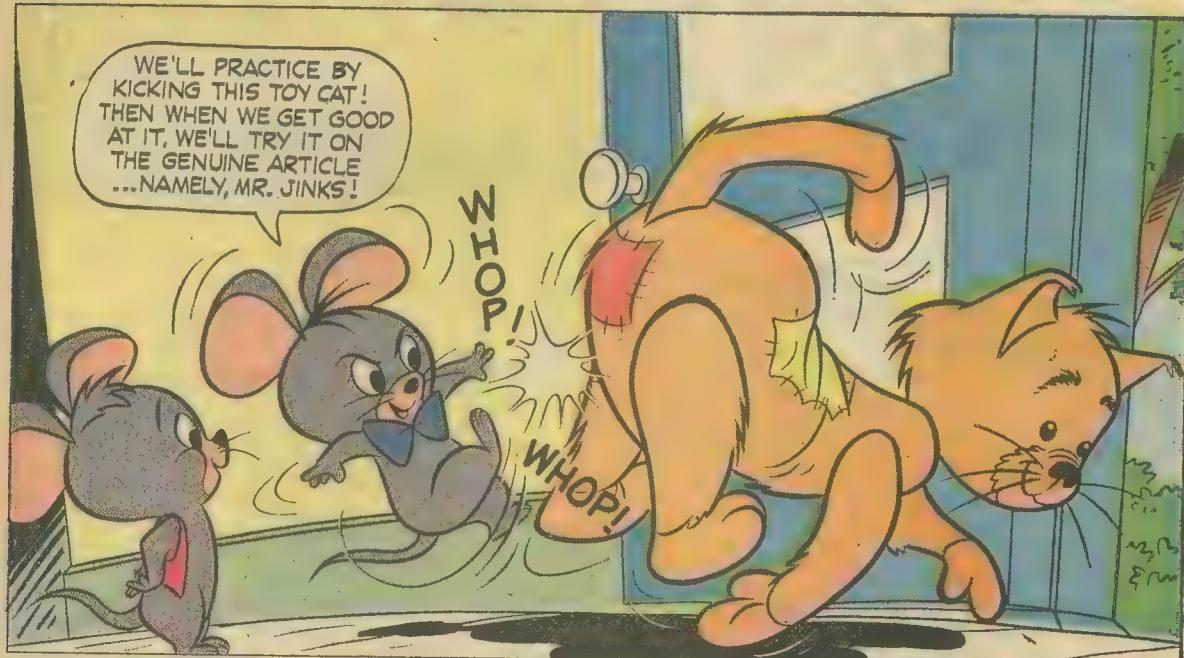
"Let's go someplace else to hunt, Joe," one of the hunters said. "Somebody already has this place. I can see the top of his hat through the bushes over there."

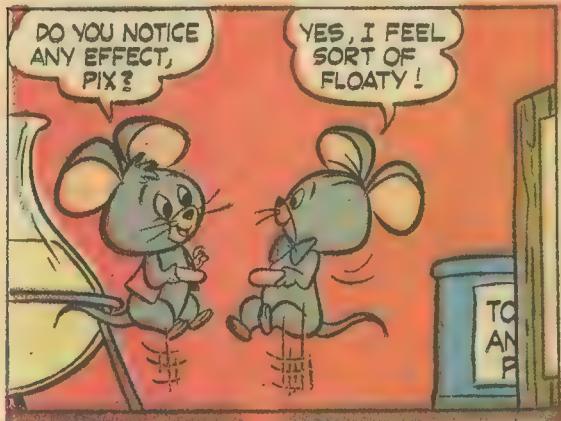
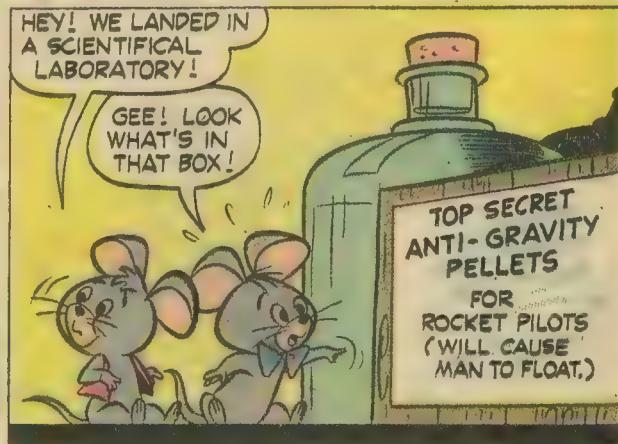
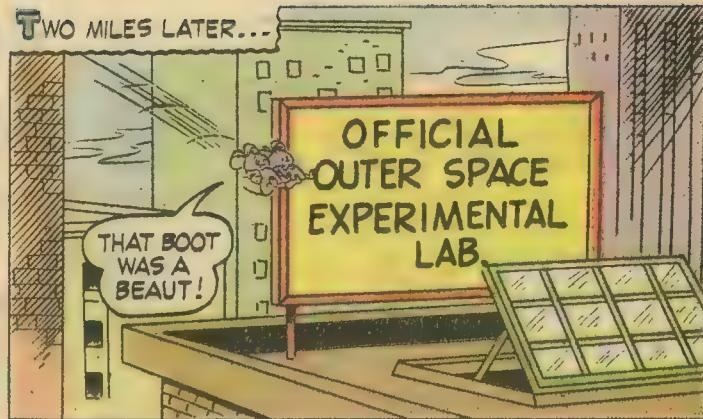
The hunters departed without seeing Biddy Buddy.

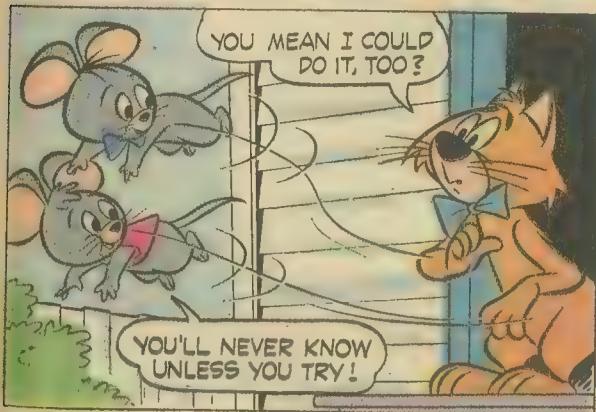
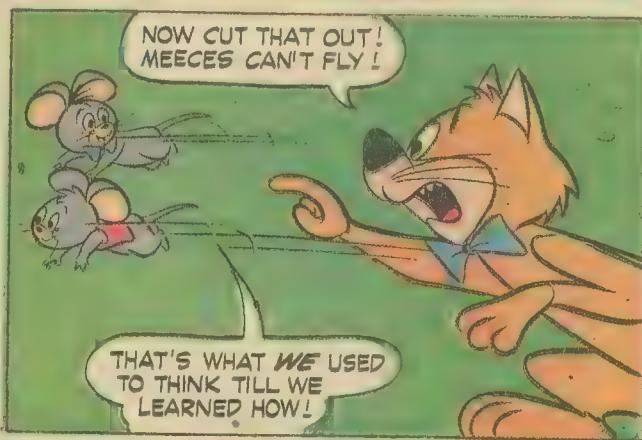
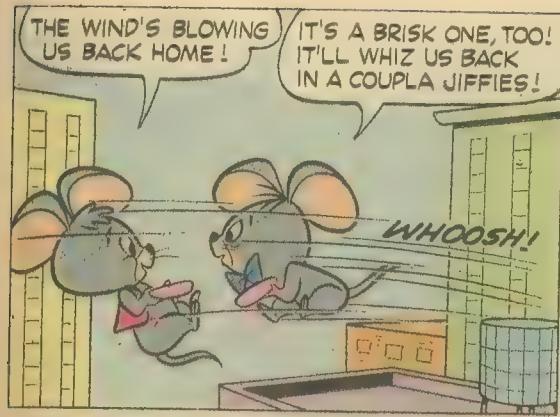
"Tee-hee!" Biddy Buddy giggled to himself. "I'll be safe and sound from all the hunters now. They fooled me with their decoy duck, but I'll bet'cha this is the first time they've ever been fooled by a decoy hunter!"

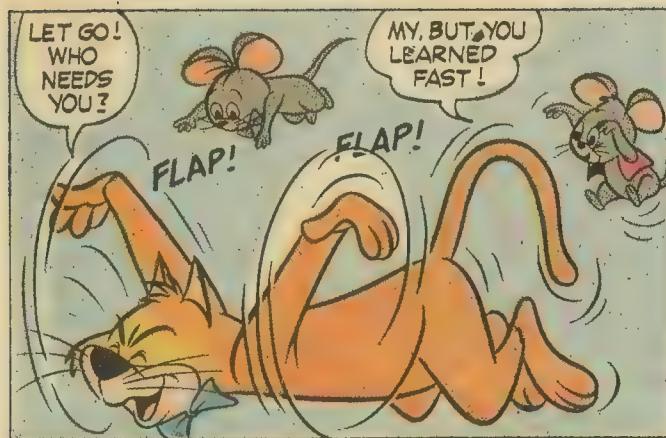
PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

The FLYING MEECES





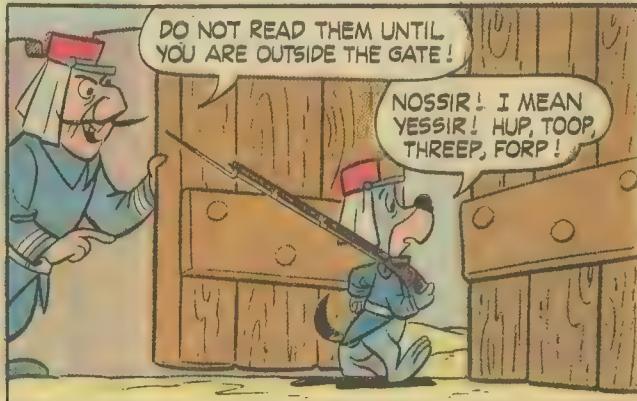
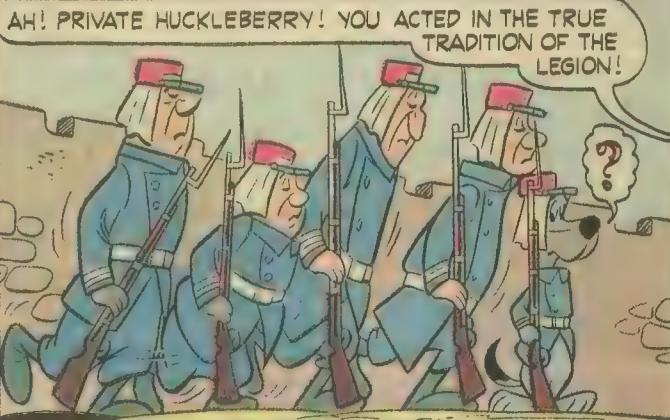


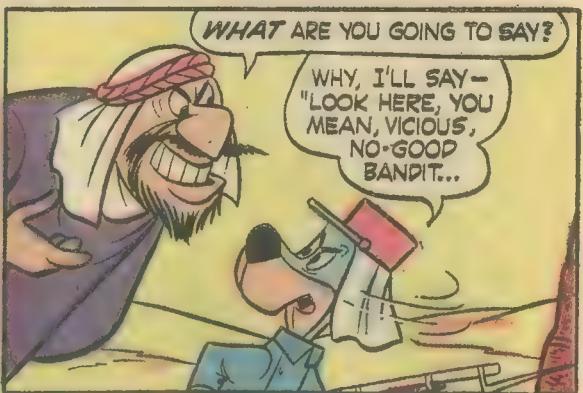
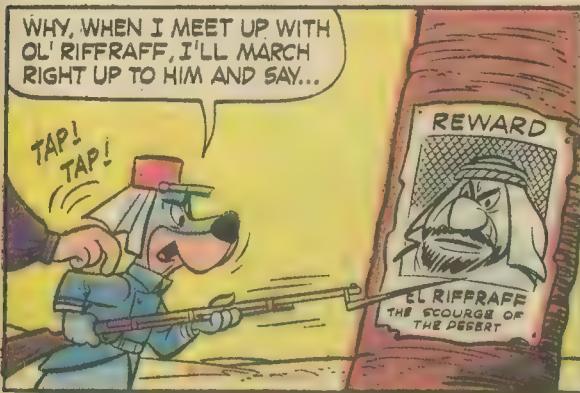
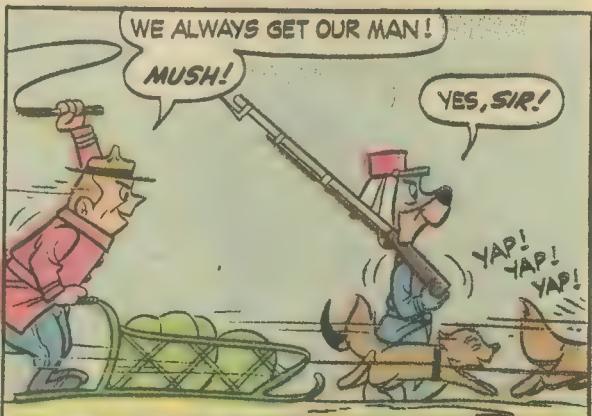




HUCKLEBERRY HOUND INVOLUNTARY VOLUNTEER

MEN, I WANT A VOLUNTEER
FOR A DANGEROUS MISSION!
SOMEBODY PLEASE TAKE
ONE STEP FORWARD!





WHY DOES THAT SILLY LEGION ALWAYS SEND BOYS TO DO THE WORK OF MEN?



I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO CHANGE MY STRATEGY! THE DIRECT APPROACH DOESN'T WORK WITH MEAN, VICIOUS-TYPE BANDITS LIKE THAT!



LATER...

I AM CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A HELPLESS TRAVELER, TO GET EL RIFFRAFF OFF GUARD!



LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT UNDER THESE FLOWING, VOLUMINOUS-LIKE ROBES I AM ARMED TO THE TEETH!



AHA! THERE HE IS! NOW IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE WHEN I CUT LOOSE WITH MY ARMAMENT!

HALT, OLD FOOL, AND DELIVER TO ME WHATEVER PALTRY GOODS YOU MIGHT HAVE!



YESSIR!

AW, SHUCKS! MY GUNS ARE ALL TANGLED IN THESE VOLUMINOUS-TYPE ROBES!



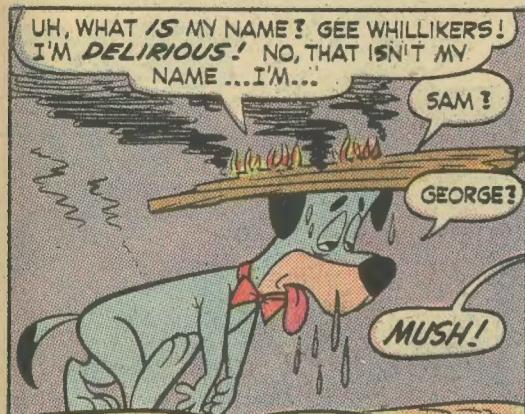
PERHAPS I CAN ASSIST YOU, OLD FOOL!

THANKS!



AND NOW I LEAVE YOU TO PERISH! I WILL NOT WASTE A BULLET OR SOIL MY BLADE! FAREWELL, FOOLISH ONE!





WHO'S THERE?!! WHO SAID
"WHOW! SHADE FEELS
GOOD! I CAN ALMOST
REMEMBER MY NAME"?

SPEAK UP, OR I WILL SKEWER YOU
LIKE SHISHKEBAB!

GAAH!

WHIT!

UHM! NOBODY'S AROUND!
COULD IT BE THE HEAT IS
AFFECTING MY REASON?

YEOW!

IT ISN'T THE HEAT,
BUSTER—IT'S THE
STUPIDITY!

TOUCHÉ!

EN GARDY! IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M A-GOING TO
HAVE TO GET
ROUGH WITH YOU,
RIFRAFF!

RUFF!
RUFF!

WHY, YOU...

PREPARE TO RESEMBLE A
SLICED SALAMI, DOG!

STAND STILL AND FIGHT
LIKE A MAN AND NOT A
JACK RABBIT! (PANT!)

WOULDN'T I
BE THE FOOL,
THOUGH?

WHEE!

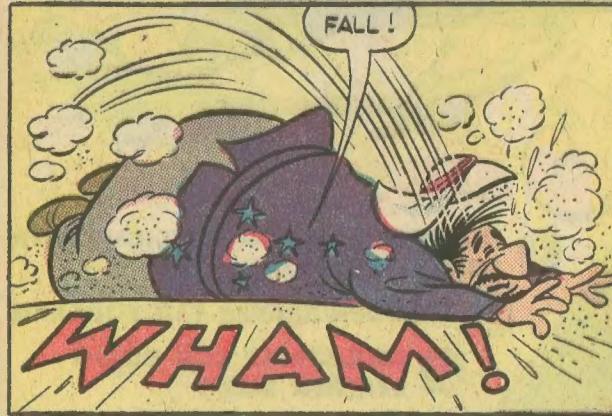
HOP!

HOP!

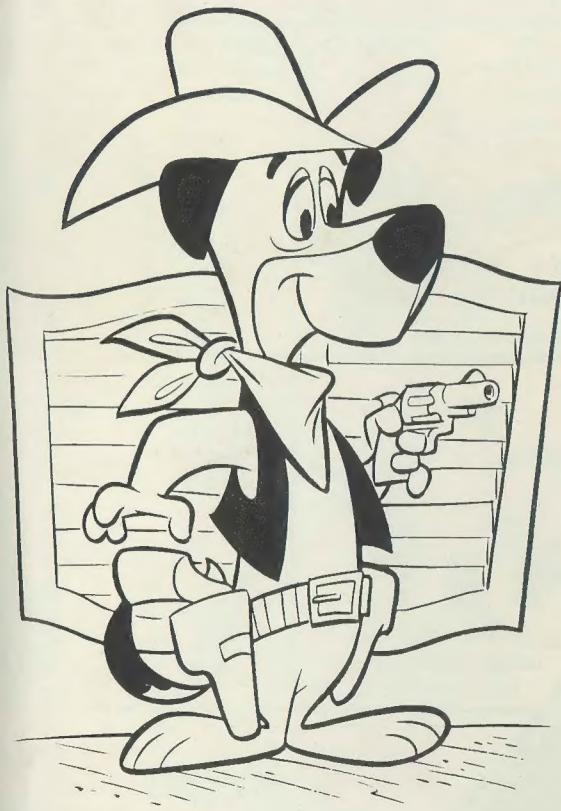
PUFF!
PUFF!

I'M NOT REALLY A COWARD,
FOLKS! THIS IS JUST PART
OF MY STRATEGY! I'M GOING
TO WEAR HIM
TO A FRAZZLE!

WHIT!



DROP THAT THING!



Try these two puzzlers at your next get-together. To play "Drop That Thing!" you will need fifteen to twenty unbreakable objects which will each make a different sound when dropped on a wooden floor. Stretch a sheet or blanket across an adjoining doorway about shoulder-high, provide your guests with pencils and paper, and tell them to write down the names of each object as you drop it behind the blanket. The contestant having the most right answers wins. Here is a suggested list of objects to drop. See what you can find to add to it.

1. a shoe
2. a penny
3. a small bell
4. a key
5. a spoon or fork
6. a quarter
7. a ruler
8. a few pebbles
9. a comb
10. a tennis ball
11. a pencil
12. a newspaper
13. a cardboard box
14. an empty tin can
15. a coat hanger
16. a jar lid
17. a nail
18. a bottle top
19. a wet rag
20. a book

TAKE A POWDER!

Here's a Yogi Bear detective-type game that will really keep everyone guessing. Place a small quantity of each of the ingredients listed below in numbered paper cups. Make yourself a list of the contents of each cup, give your guests pencils and paper, and ask them to write down what they think is in each cup. They can look and smell, but no touching or tasting. High score wins again.

1. salt
2. sugar
3. baking powder
4. talcum powder
5. soap powder
6. plaster
7. powdered sugar
8. powdered milk
9. white cornmeal
10. tooth powder
11. baking soda
12. flour

